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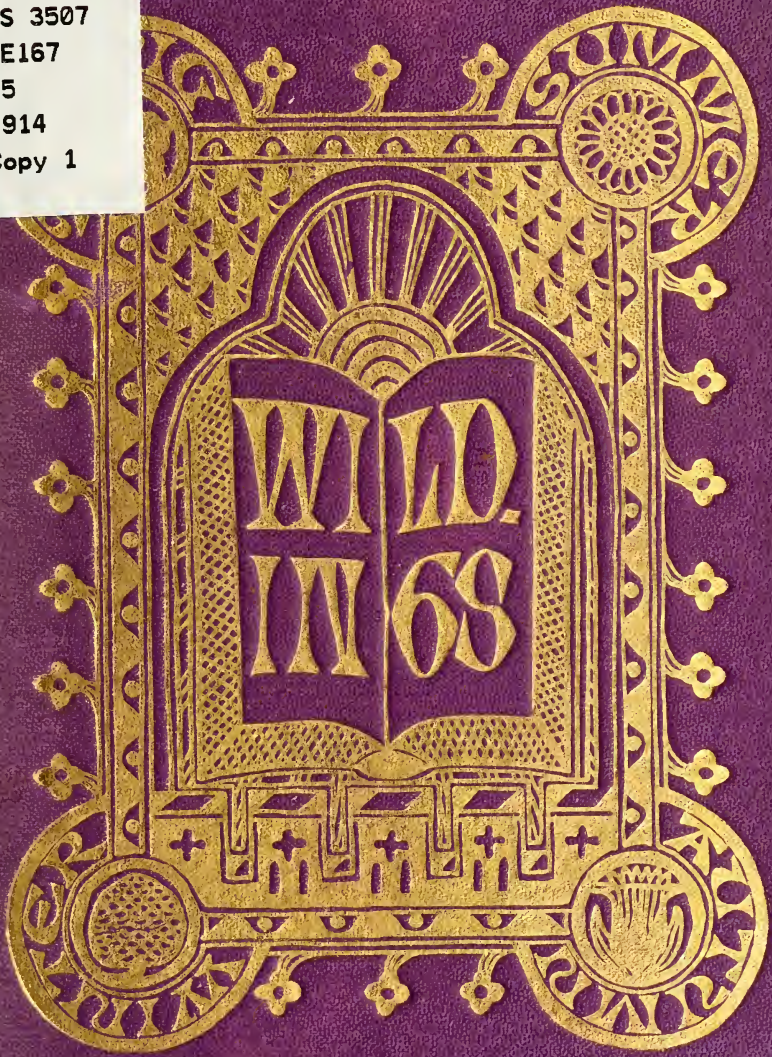

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Wildings

By Seraph Maltbie Dean
and Lee Parker Dean

Thomas Todd Co.
Boston

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Wildings

"Ye field flowers! the gardens
eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet wildings of Nature, I
dote upon you."

—Campbell

A Call from the Wildwood

A VOICE I hear, and it seems to say,
"Come forth to the woodland, come this day;
For we are waiting, comrade true,
Your presence here, we are waiting you,
And fain would now your footsteps hear
In our wildwood home;—come quickly, dear!
The flowers awaken and call for you,
The birds are trilling old songs and new,
Your heart is with us—away, away;
O linger not, list the call of May!"

DEAR Woodland Spirit, I fast am bound,
For walls of brick close me around;
I cannot heed your call, return
To your wildwood haunts mid flower and fern.
I will dream of you through the gladsome spring,
As I catch the sweet notes echoing
From that mystic place where you abide
Remote from the noisy, hurrying tide
Of busy life. Here I must stay
Though my heart is with you, call not, pray!

"AH, say not so, the heart is not bound
Whatever the walls that close it round;
In these joyous days no power can hold
You from joining us in the flowering wold.
Earth's pulse is throbbing, and with each breeze
Leaflets are dancing on the trees;

A Call from the Wildwood

Many the voices that call you, dear,
I speak for them and you hear, you hear!
With Spring in the heart you cannot stay; —
To our wildwood haunts away, away!"

S. M. D.

A Breath from the Hills

A BREATH of sweetness from the far-off hills
Came fluttering forth this morn, as I unbound
A box o'erflowing with arbutus buds.
In the dear home-land, on a cliff which studs
The brow of a steep hill, sweets, ye were found,
And sent forth stored with perfumes which my spirit thrills.

FOR with your odorous breath comes thought of days
Long gone; days when upon those hills I sought
The same sweet flowers, brushing with eager haste
The dry leaves from the nooks, where, midst the waste,
The shy buds nestled, hidden—as they thought—
Securely from frost's blighting touch, and man's rude gaze.

A Breath from the Hills

AH, little did they think their perfumed
breath,
Borne gently on the breezes, would betray
Their lowly hiding place; as from the ground
They gathered spicy odors only found
In roots of pines and ferns, buried away
For the new life of Spring which follows Winter's
death.

THUS with your rare, sweet breath memories
arise
Of friends beloved, who in those happy days
Were with me as I climbed the rugged hills
For the dear flowers; guided but by the rills
Which fell from off the heights o'er stony ways,
Such time as snows were melting 'neath the
sun's bright eyes.

NO more together may we climb those hills!
New homes and scenes are ours, while
some even sleep
As do the flowers. Blossoms too pure were they
For earth's cold hills, and thus to Heaven's
spring day
Were soon transferred, their beauty there to
keep
Unfading on the sunny slope of those bright
Hills.

A Breath from the Hills

LINGER, sweet mountain breath, although the bloom
Fades from your flowers, for even our memories
Are hallowed now; and hidden close away
Lie buds still sweet like yours, given me one day
Long, long ago in pledge of love which is
Fresher and dearer still than all your wild perfume.

S. M. D.

The Burgeoning Willows

GO forth in the earliest days of Spring,
When the pulse of life beats full and warm,
You will find to the willow branches cling
Soft silken buds, folded safe from harm.

THEY are waiting to shake their catkins out
To the glowing sun, but the brown scales keep
Them snuggled close, while winds toss about
The supple limbs where the willow-buds sleep.

NOTHING can daunt the Spirit which dwells
In these vigorous trees, for their life is found
Not alone in the soil, but buds and swells
In the region where light and air abound.

The Burgeoning Willows

THEY scorn to die, so wherever they are
Will burgeon forth at the call of Spring,
Tossing their pollen and downy seed far
From the shining boughs where the catkins swing.

SHOULD one cut the limbs, and the great trunks burn,
The severed branches still send forth shoots,
While down to the loam with speed they turn
To find a place for their spreading roots.

THUS, pulsing with life and its boundless cheer,
The willows spread out their arms to the sun,
As the Easter morning dawns on the year
With Immortal Life and its peace begun.

S. M. D.

The Violet's Mistake

"I AM so tired of lying here,"
A Johnny-Jump-Up said;
"I will arise, for skies are clear
And heavy is this spread
Of brown old leaves,—I must jump out,
For it is time, without a doubt."

AND so he threw away his cap
That kept his head so warm,
And crept from Mother Earth's soft lap,
Where he lay safe from harm,
Into the light of the bright sun
Where March was fooling every one.

HE now felt sure that he could boast,
The very first to be
Of all the Johnny-Jump-Up host—
Of violet pedigree—
To show the world what a fine thing
It is to rise early in Spring.

AND then he thought how very queer
That violets should be
So lazy when the sun shone clear,
And birds sang merrily;
He surely had much better taste
Than thus his precious time to waste.

The Violet's Mistake

HE saw the pussy willows nod
At him their furry heads,
And jumped to greet them from the sod
Of the sweet violet beds
Until the daylight changed to night,
Then Johnny grew quite stiff with fright;

AND tried to hide his little face
Once more in the warm leaves,
Which lay within the cozy place
Beneath the woodland trees,
Where Mother Nature safe doth keep
Her dainty buds while they're asleep.

BUT it was cold, and the wind blew
So wildly overhead
Poor Johnny shivered through and through,
Till he was nearly dead
With fear and grief that he must stay
All the long nights from home away;

AND whispered to the violets
Tucked safely in their nest,
To keep quite still, for one who frets
To go forth on a quest
After the Spring, would better take
Care lest he make a sad mistake.

S. M. D.

A Lover's Plea

MOST winsome lassie beneath the skies,
You are standing near with roguish eyes
On this frowning morn;
And whether you laugh, or whether you weep
I care not, if you but closer creep
To the lover lorn
Who has waited months for your return,
The while in his heart love's fires did burn
Which you kindled there
Without thought or care.

BE not so cold and shy then, love,
Come nearer my faithfulness to prove
On this fog-bound day;
We will hand in hand go forth to the wold
That downy ferns may their fronds unfold
Without delay.
You shall kiss the buds until gay flowers
Awaken to smile amidst the showers;
Sweet April draw near,
I am waiting, dear.

THE birds are singing for love of you,
The grasses are greening this day anew,
And the trees unfold
For you the buds which have long been closed,
While on the swaying branches they dozed
Through the winter's cold.
The wayside pools, the forest, the glade,

A Lover's Plea

Resound with praises of you, dear maid;
Winging and singing
The joy you are bringing.

THEN be not shy I pray you, dear,
But closer draw and your fair brow clear,
For the sky is gray
When all should be brightness, and joy, and bliss,
On a morning as late in the Spring as this;—
Then whisper not, "Nay,"
But listen once more to your lover's plea
And haste with your witching grace and glee
To warm his heart
By love's magic art.

S. M. D.

The Lady in Gold

WHEN mortals lament because that the skies
Are scattering crystals of snow
Where bright, starry blossoms should open their eyes,
To set all the meadows aglow;
They forget the fair lady—the Lady in Gold
Who cares not for sleet, and fears not the cold.

The Lady in Gold

OPENING her bells that are golden in hue,
She tosses them forth on the air
To chime of a Spring which is long overdue,
And bid Winter make haste to his lair.
Then give royal welcome to April's bright queen,—
The Lady in Gold amidst fresh, living green.

SHE is rugged and bold, and bears her gay flowers
With a careless and lithesome grace
Upon her green branches, midst sunshine or showers,
Wherever one gives her a place.
Do you ask, then, the name of this bell flower? Behold,
Some call her Forsythia—we Lady in Gold!

S. M. D.

Children of the Rock

STANDING uplift on a wide-spreading plain
Is a mount of jagged rock,
Tossed thither long since in the glacier's reign,
Or by force of some earthquake shock.

LIKE a mail-clad giant it stands alone
As year after year grows old,
And through the long winters this mount of stone
Is desolate, bleak, and cold.

BUT the storm-furrowed boulder has a heart
Hidden deep within its breast,
Which is stirred to life by the Spring's weird art
Till it pulses to its crest.

THEN forth from those fissures where moss and leaves
Have been buried ages long,
Shy little buds with their green-capped sheathes
Come rushing, a starry throng.

SOME are white as the snow, with roots blood-red,
And others like April skies,
For where the hepatica's bronzed leaves spread
Gleam changeful blue-gray eyes.

Children of the Rock

DICENTRA'S white plume, and the saxifrage's cyme,
Nod to the adder-tongue bells
Which swing 'neath the rocks and merrily chime
To waken the flowers in the dells.

UNDER brown, withered leaves lie trailing vines
Of the arbutus' living green,
Where nestle buds filled with odorous wines,
Distilled in caverns unseen

FROM the rootlets of pines and shrubs, which yield
A perfume subtle and rare
When brewed in those depths where rocks close shield
Their vapors from wind and air.

ONE by one those blossoms of light arouse
Which have home in this great Rock,
And creep from their cloisters out on its brows—
A bright-eyed, sunny-faced flock.

THESE children that smile on the Rock for a space,
When wooed by the showers and the sun,
Will gently fall back to their warm, sheltered place
After their sweet work is done.

Children of the Rock

AND children of Earth, shall they not fill their place,
When called by God to the light,
As cheerfully, smilingly, and with the grace
Of flowers that last but a night?

S. M. D.

To April

AND dost thou ask, coquettish child of Spring,
Why I love thee? The bird upon the wing
Carols this day his sweetest notes of praise,
Nor tells thee why. The bud doth shyly raise
Its fresh young face unto thy changeful sky
With strangely winsome grace, but tells not why
It loveth thee.

THE brooklet trills its notes as sweet and clear
As bird or child—now far away, now near—
And the soft rain which patters on thy face
Hath voice suited unto these days of grace.
All Nature whispers, through her mystic art,
The love which burns for thee deep in her heart,
Nor telleth why.

To April

I ONLY know my heart doth quicker beat
When thou art near. The thought is strangely sweet,
But why my pulse throbs with new life at sight
Of thee I cannot tell. Accept love as thy right,
For if thy suitors—buds, and streams, and birds—
May not express their love for thee in words,
Pray why should I?

I LEARNED to love thee in the long ago
When life was young, and thou didst round me strew
The pink arbutus buds, with breath more sweet
Than other blossoms growing at thy feet;
When blue-eyed violets looked up at me
From sunny nooks, and white anemone,
Amidst the green

OF downy fern fronds, shook their heads, with plea;—
"O touch us not, blossoms as frail as we
Grow but for fairies; mortal hands are rude
And mar the beauties of the solitude."
The snowy shad blooms filled your tangled hair,
And, April dear, thou wert then always fair,—
I knew not why.

To April

I LOVE thee still, for midst thy frowning skies,
Sweet, willful child, thou canst not keep thine eyes
From laughing at me through the raindrop tears;
Thus, spite of all your moods I have no fears,
So happy am I knowing thou art near;
But may not tell the precious secret, dear,
Why I love thee.

S. M. D.

The Breath of God

GOD'S gentle breathings are the flowers;
Each lily, rose, and violet,
Wooed by the sunshine and the showers,
Is with His fragrant impress set.

IF lost from earth were all these flowers,
Should we not miss that precious breath?
The days would have far darker hours,
And added were the pangs of death.

PRIZE then more highly the dear flowers,
For is the thought not marvelous
That everywhere midst perfumed bowers
The breath of God doth compass us?

L. P. D.

The Floralia

A May Day Festival

"Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard
the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I
feel it all.
Oh evil day! If I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning."

— Wordsworth

I.—1

"LIST, O Nymphs, and heed the call
Which Echo's voice will far and wide
Send bounding over hills, to fall
Low in the grotto where ye bide!
Winds are hushed and skies are clear;
Rouse, rouse ye all, the time is here
For your loved Queen, gay Flora, and the Hours
To carnival with you amidst the flowers!"
Thus saying, Rheos his bright bugle blew
Until the echoes rolled from hill to hill—
And softly died. Then on swift wing he flew
Afar to do the regal Flora's will,
For she, as morning's Star led in the day,
Had risen in eager haste to rouse the sleeping
May.

The Floralia

I.—2

ALL the night her cheek had prest
The pale arbutus buds, that hue
Of rosiest pink might on them rest;
The while her breath did deep imbue
Them with the odors that are found
In buds of pine and mosses of the ground—
Fragrance so rare one by it soon may trace
The shy flowers to their hiding place.
She touched the leafy beds where clustering grow
Hepatica and frail anemone,
With violets of shades so pale we know
None but sylvestral depths their beauty see.
These, sweetest of spring flowers, from their long drowse
Did Flora, springing from her sylvan couch, first rouse.

I.—3

GAILY then forth she trod
With lightsome step and song,
Stooping to kiss those buds she held most dear;
And as she moved along
Greener became the sod,
While all around her blossoms did appear.
Whene'er she stooped her sunny curls
Swept the ground and golden stars

Sprang from the soil—for her least touch unbars
The frosty fetters, and the leaf unfurls.
She brushed the budded boughs along her way
And the closed flowerets, with a throb and start
Of glad surprise, looked forth upon the day;
While those she kissed—in token of her art—
Opened their eyes and caught the dyes
Hidden within her own so blue;—
For power so strange sweet Flora knows
Buds at her touch take rarest hue.
Moreover, where her robe swept the moist ground
Were beds of whitest bloom and sweetest perfumes found.

II.—1

NATURE'S garden thus abloom
The fair Queen backward dancing sped
Unto the forest, to resume
Her fairy work and blossoms spread.
Newly robed in green the trees
Shook forth their tender leaves with every breeze,
Save where the fir and glossy hemlock reared
Their sombre heads, and strangely peered
Down at the festive scene, much as a sire
Looks at his sporting children in surprise
That of their pastimes they do never tire,

Nor unto loftier thoughts and pleasures rise.
But Flora labored on without a thought
Of the dark trees above while bowers she gaily
wrought.

II.—2

BROOKLETS gave their freshest moss
The rocky seats to carpet well,
And of rare ferns there was no loss,
Nor violets from out the dell.
Drooping vines the glade soon made
A place of beauty and luxuriant shade,
While the green turf with blooming flowers
spread
Formed a mosaic none but fairies tread.
The lilies swung their golden censers low
Until the violet's perfumed breath they met,
And round the rock-built throne waved to and
fro
Great boughs of snowy bloom with dewdrops
set.
The Goddess viewed her work with smiling face,
For she had roused the May, and decked the
wold with grace.

II.—3

AT last the day is past,
And now the stars are out
And the moon's crescent swings within the sky!

The Floralia

The fire-flies throw about
The bowers with blossoms massed
Their fitful lights, as once more, clear and high,
The bugle sounds its joyous note.
Then wildwood Nymphs, who all day long have sought
The honied nectar which is only wrought
From sweetest flowers, assemble while doth float
Upon the air soft, thrilling strains;—for once each year
The birds sing through the night as through the day,
The while these woodland spirits feast and play.
With merry jest each fairy guest
Flits through the glade, nor mortal care,
Nor jealous rivalry doth know;
For Nymphs, as free as birds in air,
Esteem this day of all the days most dear
In which they greet the May—fairest child of the year.

S. M. D.

Daffodils

NOW that longer are days, and the sun more bright,
There doth gleam again in the shining light
Fair daffodils;

Daffodils

Wearing on their petals the golden hue
Of the morning sun, as the sparkling dew
Each gay cup fills;
And midst sheathes of green
Will this radiant queen
Nod and smile, when she hears the voice of rills
Singing songs of welcome on the hills
To daffodils.

WE are told in beauty unknown to earth
Bloom flowers like these,—but of lasting worth,—
Called Asphodels.
Are they sisters, think you, in their strange bloom,
To these buds which spring from earth's gray tomb
As daffodils?

S. M. D.

Spring's Treasure House

JEWEL-LIKE blossoms in green settings rare
Are sparkling with light in the soft May-day air;
And how can one think of earth's silver and gold
When the sun has for him such riches in hold?

Spring's Treasure House

THE great gray-armed willows that stand by the stream
Shake out furry catkins to catch its bright gleam,
And then on those waters that lave their cold feet
Toss blossoms of gold,—a fairylike fleet.

STARRY anemone lift up their eyes
Of silver-like bloom to the blue-vaulted skies,
And the marshes with gold-cups are now all ablaze
As marigolds turn toward the sunlight's bright rays.

THE meadows' green billows with dandelions shine,
While around them hedges of wild shrubs entwine
In a tangle of bloom, that is silvery-white
As the sun at the mid-day glows warm and bright.

WITH silver and gold free as sunlight and air
Surely one should know nothing of trouble or care;
For riches like these mean vigor and cheer,
And marvelous beauty when spring-tide is here.

Spring's Treasure House

FREE, free is the love that gilds the bud's bloom,
And silvers the stars in Nature's great room;
And this vista of glory spread out to the eye
Is God's very heart let down from the sky.

S. M. D.

The Lord of the May

OVER field and bracken, wold and lawn,
The One who rules the May
Spreads forth his banner of light and shade,
And frolics the livelong day
Amidst leaves of green and blossoms fair;—
For is he not Monarch of earth and air?

THE lily bells hanging midst spires of green
Ring out their May-day tune
In merry notes, with a breath as sweet
As roses of the June;
Chiming all day long beneath the trees
Their song of love to the sporting Breeze.

THE lilac trees gaily shake out their plumes
Of perfumed breath, and gleam
With purple and with snowy blooms
As the Breeze in soft caress
Touches their heads, and whispers low
Those words which mortals may not know.

The Lord of the May

THE blossoming shrubs and fruit trees spread
The ground with petals rare,
As the Breeze blows gently amidst their boughs
And tosses them on the air;
For they love this gentle Lord of the May
And breathe for him their life away.

THE blue-eyed iris proudly lift
Their queenly heads from thrones
Of gray-green spathes, in marsh and pool,
Nor heed the sighs and moans
Of the lordly Breeze, as through the May
He wooing goes in his own wild way.

THE stately tulip when he flies by
Looks up and nods the head,
But it loves the sun and cares not whom
The Breeze may woo or wed;
It lives when the Sun-God bids it live,
And to him alone doth homage give.

THE ferns glance upward, and trembling wave
Their fronds unto the Breeze,
Then gently bow their curly heads
Beneath the sheltering trees;
And he laughs at them for being shy
Of their lover liege, as he hurries by.

The Lord of the May

THUS he is busy the whole long day—
This Monarch of the air—
Filling all Nature's heart with a joy
That mortals fain would share;
So we yield to him this wondrous day
That homage due the Lord of the May.

S. M. D.

The Blossom's Voice

MAY-DAY blossom, tell to me
Whence the loveliness we see,
Whence this whiteness of the snow
Tinged with crimson's changeful glow?
I would learn whence shrub and tree
Hath received such purity.

"LISTEN, mortal, for I tell
Of a Power which high doth dwell,
And these blossoms that you see
Fluttering on shrub and tree,
Come forth from a loveliness
No earth-voice can well express.

The Blossom's Voice

"BEAUTY such as you now see
In this crown of bloom, will be
Magnified a million-fold
When you Paradise behold;—
For the home of beauty lies
Just beyond you in the skies."

L. P. D.

The Old Lilac

THE air is sweet with the perfumed breath
Of the lilac's blooming sprays,
And they gaily nod their regal heads
As the breeze around them plays.
Was ever a flower to the child more dear
Than this rural queen of the early year?

MY thought goes back unto childhood days,
And I seem to stand once more
With grandma beneath the dear old tree
Shading the farmhouse door;
And with lilac boughs my arms she fills
While the robin a song of remonstrance trills.

The Old Lilac

NEVER were flowers so fair as those
To my wondering, eager eyes,
And their nodding plumes of purple bloom
Seemed made to tantalize;
As standing on tiptoe I sought to grasp
The tempting sprays in my childish clasp.

THROUGH the long, bright days I watched the buds
Turn pink midst the fresh green leaves,
Till the birds grew used to my anxious gaze
As they nested beneath the eaves;
And twittered and sang the livelong day
In the dear old tree, all the glad sweet May.

STILL lavishly do the lilacs yield
Their wealth of fragrant store,
But that tree I loved has long been gone
From its place beside the door;
And that hand which my arms with blossoms filled
Has for years, by the touch of death, been stilled.

LITTLE hands reach out for the beautiful flowers
Just as eagerly today,
For youth and age to this fair May queen

The Old Lilac

Have given their hearts away;
Yet something I miss from their rare perfume
That was stored for me in the old tree's bloom.

S. M. D.

The Flood-Tide of Bloom

MONTHS rise and fall on the waves of the year
Like crafts that are tossed by the tide,
And bear in their holds for earth's circling sphere
The hour-freighted days, as they glide;
But one of the twelve, with sails white as snow,
Brings treasure the rarest that months can bestow.

AT flood-tide this flower-laden boat sails in
To her harbor alongside earth,
The freshest, bonniest month that has been
Afloat since the days had their birth;
Decked in wreathings of bloom, and spanglings of spray
We crown her as queen, the beautiful May.

The Flood-Tide of Bloom

MOUNTAIN and valley swing out to the breeze
Their pennons of fluttering green,
And birds return to their homes in the trees
To carol their songs midst the sheen
Of fragrant blossoms that wondrously glow,
When tossed by the winds, like driftings of snow.

EVERYWHERE surges this flood-tide of bloom
While the white-winged barge of the May
Lies anchored secure within the great room
Of the blue-domed, amber-tiled bay;
All earth is astir, the heart of the sphere
Throbs swiftly with life, for May now is here.

ENTHRALLED by her presence raptly we gaze
On the changeful lights, while the tide
Of billowy bloom sweeps on through the days,
And the sunbeams spread far and wide;
But, watch as we may, the hour draweth near
That will bear from our shores this one we hold dear.

THE song-raptured birds would gladly delay
This Queen of the Months, but their call
She heeds not, and spreading her sails, away

The Flood-Tide of Bloom

Flies the beautiful May; thus all
The freshness and grace she brought to earth's breast
Is borne toward that shore where sunset clouds rest.

S. M. D.

A Mountain Queen

FAIR Kalmia, Queen of New England, behold,
As she dwells on the mountain-side rugged and bold,
Midst the hemlock and cedar, the spruce and the pine
Which guard the wild haunts where this Queen has her shrine!

SHE is mantled in vestments of such wondrous green
They bear the whole season a deep lustrous sheen;
And when the bright dawning of summer draws near
They are touched with a freshness of magical cheer.

A Mountain Queen

SHE is known far and wide for the vigorous grace
With which she adorns every wild, rocky place,
And her branches are twined into garlands of green
All the year, until June crowns with blossoms this Queen.

AND then in rare beauty and strength she defies
The flowers of the valley, as she turns to the skies
Her clustering stars, set in emerald boughs
Of the laurel which covers her even to the brows.

ALL hail to our Kalmia! Long may she reign
On the hills of New England, though words are but vain
To picture the beauty of this rustic Queen
At the time of her crowning midst glistering green!

S. M. D.

An Indian Relic

[Cypripedium Spectabile]

A FLOWER there is that blooms alone
On marshy bogs, remote, unknown,
Because so wild and dark the place
One thinks not there to find such grace.

LONG time ago, a maiden wild
Roved where this dainty blossom smiled,
And left the print of her light tread
Upon the orchid's spongy bed.

HER quaintly slippered foot imprest,
A flower unique upon earth's breast,
And in that soil this blossom rare
Has ever since been Nature's care.

SAFELY it hides its curious bloom
Within the cool and fragrant room
Where ferns and wildings rampant grow—
A place the fairy folk well know.

WILL-O-THE-WISP and elfins bold,—
Weird creatures of the tangled wold,—
With all their host of playmates gay
There dance by night, and sleep by day.

An Indian Relic

LONG may'st thou dwell, fair wildwood queen,
Within those shadowed glades unseen,
Attended by the woodland sprites
Throughout June's rare and glorious nights!

MAY never grasping, ruthless hand
Uproot thee from thy native land,
As it has done that Indian maid
Whose moccasin left *you* where she strayed.

S. M. D.

When the Iris Blooms

THE skies of June from their azure height
Look down on a wealth of blue
In the lowland meadows, where strangely bright
Gleam Iris of deepest hue,
Whose masses of bloom spread out between
The green-clad hills, with cerulean sheen.

ONLY in June can these wondrous shades
Of blue and green be found,
While the Iris flaunts her flags in the glades,
And the hills their arms surround
With the deepest, freshest, loveliest green
That ever mingles with blue serene.

When the Iris Blooms

JUNE'S every day may be fresh to the end,
But never again will bound
As swiftly as now the currents which send
Life throbbing throughout the ground;
Bringing a series of changing views
In matchless shadings of greens and blues.

O HEART, take cheer these beauteous days
In which bloom and fragrance rare
Fill to the full the earth's wild ways
With treasure that all may share!
Life rushes on wings of light that earth
May revel in hues of priceless worth.

YOU must catch the joy that comes with life
In its breathings full and deep,—
You must find the beauty that now is rife
In the flower-bud, would you reap
Rarest fruit in the autumn-time;—
Since life swift wings toward Life Sublime.

S. M. D.

The Chamaelirium

[Blazing Star]

WITHIN a lowland pasture
Where hidden springs deep flow,
The Chamælirium blossoms
In their wild beauty grow.

The Chamaelirium

THESE wands of creamy whiteness
Their fragrant censers swing,
While bobolinks and thrushes
Around them gaily sing.

THE butterflies are winging
About their graceful bloom,
And insects seek the nectar
Stored in each feathered plume.

THEY flower amidst the grasses
And tufts of hardy fern,
Above the fairy orchids
Whose hiding place we learn

ONLY when the weird blossoms
Flutter some fair June day
Their wings of rosy petals,—
Like butterflies astray.

THESE blazing stars of beauty,
Which like the orchids shun
The highways and the hedges
Bloom here beneath the sun;

AND bird and insect give them
All homage that they crave,
Nor care they that their flowrets
Above the pastures wave.

The Chamaelirium

PRAY ruthless hand may never
Tear from their quiet home
These wilding beauties growing
Within the miry loam.

FOR flowers that bloom with nurture
And tenderest care of thine,
Bear not the print of Fingers
So wondrously Divine.

L. P. D.

The Roses of June

THERE are roses and roses today
In the garden, and hedge by the way,
And no flowers 'neath the skies do so fondly we prize
For their beauty of bloom, and dainty perfume,
As the roses we gather in June.

CLAD in colors of marvelous hue,
Touched by sunshine, and wet with the dew,
They look up with a smile, breathing softly the while
Their message benign to your heart and mine;—
These roses, sweet roses of June.

The Roses of June

BY the bloom and the beauty I see,
By the fragrance they yield unto me,
I am wafted away to a garden this day
Where my grandmother stands, holding sprays
in her hands
Of roses the rarest of June.

THERE are red ones, and yellow, and
white,
And the Damask—my heart's chief delight—
Double and pink, with a perfume I think
That is equaled by none, since it dwells in the
one
Sweetest rose of all roses of June.

ARE there roses today yet more fair,
With odors more dainty and rare?
Perhaps it may be, yet I'm longing to see
Those roses of yore at grandmother's door,
Which blossomed for me in the June.

S. M. D.

Sister Blossoms

TWO little orchid sisters frail
Dwell midst the ferns and grasses,
One droops her head, is shy and pale,
And one has fringing lashes
Of rosiest bloom, and roguish face;—
Both flowers of daintiest form and grace.

Sister Blossoms

THESE lovely sisters, side by side,
Bloom in the marshy places,
And while the one her buds doth hide,
The other boldly faces
The eyes of June, wearing a hue
As bright as rosebud ever knew.

GAY Calopogon, beautiful,
With dainty bearded petals!
And sweet Pogonia, wonderful
In folded pink-white sepals
Which hold in store perfume so rare
Few blossoms may with her compare!

STILL blooming where these sisters are,
Midst bogs and knotty rootlets,
Is Chamælirium's blazing star,
With wands of creamy florets,
While round the place a winging horde
Are seeking treasure in them stored.

AND this they scatter as they fly
From one gay orchid flower
Unto its sister, nestling by
With sweets that overpower
The fair one's grace—so full her cup
Of golden nectar which they sup.

Sister Blossoms

LIKE mortal thus are bird and bee;—
Attracted now by beauty
Of the bright blossoms which they see,
And now from sense of duty
They fly toward honey-laden flowers
To gather store for future hours.

THUS may we, Orchid sisters twain,
Discern in your rare beauty
And cups of ripened pollen grain,
That the sweetest form of duty
Is but to scatter midst our days
Store to enrich earth's barren ways.

S. M. D.

A Rustic Sweetheart

MY sweetheart I would show to you
As she stands beside the way,
With her soft cheeks flushed a roseate hue,
And breath as fresh as the May.

YOU will find no other maid more fair,
Nor one whose starry eyes
Look up through the mists of the morning air
With purer light to the skies.

A Rustic Sweetheart

FROM her humble home she doth not shrink,
And how can I forget
The smiling face of my wayside pink—
Sweet, sturdy Bouncing Bet?

S. M. D.

But for a Day

A BEAUTIFUL lily of snow-white sheen
Lifts its chalice of fragrance from depths of green
In the cool of the morning, and just for a day
Looks up at the sunlight, then passes away.

FOR only a day is this gentle queen
Among the fair lilies of summer seen,
Then soft as the snowflake melts in the light
Of the sun's bright beams, fades the flower from sight.

BUT for a day doth its pearly whiteness
Perfume the breath of summer's brightness;
But for a day, yet its bloom brings gladness
And cheer to the heart that knows pain and sadness.

But for a Day

SO for a day do the pleasures of life
Like blossoming lilies endure midst the strife
Of coming and going, of sorrow and pain,
Of struggle and triumph, of loss and of gain.

BUT is it not precious that life for a day
Is given to blossoms along the rough way;
Since beauty and fragrance are strength to the soul
That is pressing forever toward Life's highest goal?

S. M. D.

Cause and Effect

ANGELS of Light in streams of pearl
Dipped their bright wings, and with swift whirl
Downward toward Earth then quickly threw
The spray, as shining dew.

IT roused to life a myriad flowers,
And freshened Earth's long waiting bowers,
Creating by its cool caress
Enchanting loveliness.

Cause and Effect

LIKE rainbow and auroral flush,
And like the evening's fairest blush,
Like sunbeam of the golden hour,
Gleamed then each smiling flower,—

IN red and yellow, white and blue,
Of every shade and every hue,—
With breath of sweetness softly blown
From realms of the unknown.

DO these fair blossoms of the earth
Receive with joy from heaven their birth;
While we, like creatures of God's hand,
Refuse to understand

THAT life and beauty, hope and love,
Come from the home of life above,
And are as much the soul's birthright
As wisdom, skill, or might?

L. P. D.

Wanderers

THERE were found in the gardens of long ago
Blossoms more rugged than many we know;
And still these are rambling about at their will
Over highway and hedgerow, valley and hill.

Wanderers

They are flowers which our grandmothers planted with care
In the soil of New England,—and counted as rare.

THROUGHOUT the whole breadth of this rock-studded room
They are scattering today their wealth of gay bloom;
Wreathing its ceilings and rough granite doors
With garlands of beauty, and spreading its floors
With masses of color;—mosaics which grace
The roughest and wildest and rockiest place.

WE call these fair wanderers by names that they knew
In those far-away days;—for bee-balm and rue,
Larkspur and lavender, Bethlehem's-star,
Columbine, lily, and briar-rose are
Yet found in our borders, by wayside, or stream,
With hues that well vie with the prism's bright gleam.

OLD-FASHIONED we call them, wanderers from home
In those Puritan gardens they were given to roam;

Wanderers

But should we not prize them, these fair, rugged
weeds
That smile in our faces, whatever the creeds
Which have sprung up with them in this rough,
rocky soil?—
God save these loved blossoms to brighten our
toil!

S. M. D.

Blue and Gold

BRIGHTLY the asters nod and smile
At the golden-rod over the way
Of dazzling hue
As in the breezes they lightly sway
And flutter their plumes the livelong day;
For the sky drops down to the earth awhile
Its gold and blue,
Ere the fairy builders from Frost-Land come
To rear in each flowret an ice-capped dome.

THE blue and the gold, the blue and the
gold
Of a wonderful love and power
Let down to us
From the heights above, in this autumn hour,
To tinge for a space the sweet wild flower

Blue and Gold

With shades of azure and gleamings of gold
Most marvelous!
Ere the fairy builders from Frost-Land come
To rear in each flowret an ice-capped dome.

S. M. D.

September Blossoms

THE nodding weeds and blossoms by the way
Are strangely fair this bright September day,
And shimmer in the sunbeams that swift glide
Over the hills, and through the valleys wide;
For now they don that gay and beauteous dress
Which only in the autumn they possess.

PURPLING the hillside are the clustering stars
Of royal asters, while within the bars
Upon the rowen fields Parnassia rears
Her cream-white flowers amidst the shining spears
Of living green; and low down at her feet
Lie snowy ladies' tresses, strangely sweet.

September Blossoms

THE golden-rod shake out their yellow plumes
Beside the road and in the pasture rooms,
Ablaze with light; while the sky's brightest blue
Is now reflected in the deep, clear hue
Of the lobelias, as erect they stand
In the moist soil,—a cheery, bright-eyed band.

BESIDE the road, their faces veiled from sight,
See balmony, fair nuns with hoods of white,
And stately cardinals watching here and there
Along the way beside the sisters fair,
Arrayed in scarlet of a rarer hue
Than robe of mortal's weaving ever knew.

ALONG the shaded pools, midst rushes green,—
Where late the silvery arrow-heads were seen,
And climbing hemp weed with its rosy blooms,—
Now twines the clematis over tawny plumes
Of the red trumpet flower, while pale knot-weeds
Spread out their graceful heads among the reeds.

September Blossoms

THE lily-pads and flags catch the bright glow,
The typha sways its brown heads to and fro
In the light breeze, and flitting everywhere
Are butterflies--gay blossoms of the air,—
While in the grasses deep the crickets croon
Their cheery notes the whole glad afternoon.

I WONDER if the spirits of the flowers
Grow brighter in these early autumn hours
Because they catch the beauty and the glow
Of far-off skies, where seasons never know
The blight of winter. Be this as it may,
Soul, thou should'st brighter grow each autumn day!

S. M. D.

To the Closed Gentian

PRAY, gentian, tell me why it is
Your buds are not unfolding,
For though arrayed in richest blue
You shun all eyes beholding!

NO other buds of brighter tint
Are by the way appearing,
And gladly do we welcome you,
So restful and so cheering.

To the Closed Gentian

THE pigments of the vault above
Were borrowed for your dyeing,
So now with skies your clustered buds
Are in their colors vying.

YOUR sisters with their deep-fringed lids
Not far away are standing,
And yet they open wide their eyes
At Autumn's chill commanding.

THEY smile and nod as the rough winds
Shake the bright leaves around them,
Nor fear the frost, however cold
The hand he lays upon them.

OPEN your eyes and look around,
Mysteries are unfolding,
These are the days most wondrous fair
Of all the year's beholding!

SKY, field, and hill such beauty wear
They every heart must capture;
No eye should close these autumn days,
But watch the earth's deep rapture.

YET midst the bright and changeful lights
Which now our eyes are viewing,
No hue is lovelier than your buds,
God-given, like heaven's own blueing.

L. P. D.

To the Fringed Gentian

FAIR blossom of the field, now autumn's breath
Blows chill from off the purple hills, and death
Lays thy loved sisters low; thine eyes of blue
Look through their fringes, white with frozen dew,
Up to the skies which in the mornings cold
Send messages to earth on beams of gold.

AND those sweet messages I pray thee tell
To me, bright blossom that I love so well;
For, looking in thine eyes so deeply blue,
I feel thou art of flowers most brave and true,
And I would learn from thee; wilt thou not share
The occult wisdom of the sky and air?

EARTH is most wondrous fair these autumn days,
Yet one can never lift the veil of haze
That hides her face. Reflected in thine eyes
Alone I see the brightness of the skies;
Then, happy blossom, tell this day to me
The secrets which the sunbeams bring to thee.

"TRUST on, though skies may not be always blue,
And clouds shut out the sunlight from your view;"

To the Fringed Gentian

Is whispered low. "They who will watch for clouds
Shall find them, for Doubt's sable mantle shrouds
The heart that doth not look to heaven for cheer; —
Turning toward Light, you sunbeam voices hear."

S. M. D.

Spiranthes

[Ladies' Tresses]

FAIR, snowy orchid, when the cool bright days
Of early autumn come, again we find
Thee by the wayside, hiding from the wind
In the deep grass thy strangely beauteous sprays.

WITH spiral grace and beauty close are wound
Thy pearly buds, fitting for lady fair
To dress her locks, as any jewel rare
Which she may find, search even the world around.

Spiranthes

WHEN wet with morning dews thy blossoms shine
Like frosted silver illumed by the sun,
While breath as sweet as may-flowers fills each one
Of all the tiny nectar cups they shrine.

MORE daring art thou than thy sisters shy,
Since all have left us, and thy florets pure
Should'st teach that we, too, are secure
Beneath Heaven's sheltering love and watchful eye!

S. M. D.

As in a Dream

I STAND upon the hill this autumn day
And watch the shadows as they lightly play
Amid the leaves upon the trees,
And float about the mountain's purple crest
Beneath the shining cloudlets of the west;
And earth doth seem as in a dream.

THE gaily-painted blossoms by the path,
Spread wide their petals for that aftermath
Of heat and light which follows night
Of early frost, rustling their tarnished heads
Of gold and purple, while the sunlight spreads
Its short-lived beam athwart the dream.

As in a Dream

THE burnished trees within the woodland glow
In crimson's varied hues, and brooklets flow
Down the steep hills with gurgling trills
Of happy music, now that rains renew
Their hidden springs, hurrying as if they knew
The frost's chill gleam must mar this dream.

I WATCH the beauty that will soon be sere—
This matchless pageant of the fading year—
Amidst the haze of violet rays,
And wonder why each leaf, and blade, and flower
Rejoices thus at its funereal hour,
When earth doth seem as in a dream.

TURNING, I look toward the far western gate
Where mysteries, like sunset billows, wait;
And feel the thrill of joys which will
Some wondrous day unfold themselves to me
Beyond the mazes of heaven's golden sea,
And not then seem, as now, a dream.

S. M. D.

The Secret

THE handful of blossoms I gathered just now
In the meadow, are smiling at me
With bright starry eyes, as if questioning how
I happened their beauty to see.

THE air is so balmy, the sun is so bright,
They dream not that summer has fled
And frost is now hovering with wings snowy white
Above their gay flower-spangled bed.

SWEET wildings, O tell me, do you never fear
The day that will blight your fresh bloom?
Is your faith so secure in a blessed new year
That you dread not the winter of gloom?

YOUR secret pray whisper, for I would be brave
And trustful in life's darkest hour;—
List! "Nor winter of death, nor chill of the grave,
Can the Blossom of Life overpower."

S. M. D.

Autumn's Bride

THE Violet, roused by the Spring's soft kiss,
Opens wide her wondering eyes,
And filled with gladness akin to bliss
Looks up to the sunny skies;
Then her heart goes forth to the wooing Spring,
And close to his side she doth fondly cling.

THE Rosebud, hidden low down in the cup
Of the calyx fresh and green,
At the Summer's touch looks sweetly up
Through the morning's dew and sheen;
And her flushed cheek tells what she may not speak,
As her lover's breath is on her cheek.

BUT for Autumn, King of the Year, there waits
A maiden stately and fair,
Whose vigor and grace quickly captivates
This monarch of field and air;
For she feareth neither the Storm Fiend's power
Nor the Hoar Frost's touch, in her sheltered bower.

Autumn's Bride

OFT times is her garb the roseate hue
Of clouds touched by sunset rays,
Or golden as light when it flickers through
The trees midst the purple haze;
Sometimes like the leaves of russet brown,—
Again pure as snow is her satin gown.

WITH the spice of life is laden her breath,
And she lifts her starry eyes
Through a filmy veil that is cold as death,
In wonder and glad surprise;
For her Lord, the King of the Year, hath come
To claim as his bride—Chrysanthemum.

S. M. D.

Halcyon Days

BEAUTIFUL are the leaves
When the year grows weary and old,
And winds shake the boughs where the sunlight
weaves
Its magic of crimson and gold.
Chill is the air at breaking of day,
But the fallen leaves make the wayside gay
With treasure the trees have thrown away;
And they hide in the nooks
Where the wild flowers lie,
To sleep while the brooks
Go singing by
Midst tangled crooks.

Halcyon Days

THE wild grapes on the wall
Are purpling beneath the cold breath
Of the spirit which silently covers all
With a rime that chills unto death;
While the bright leaves round them rustling fly
When wind-waves sweep the blue vault on high,
Till they drop to earth and quiet lie
Beside the wall; there their beauty turns
To umber and gray,
And wasting burns
To ashes away
For the flower-root urns.

THE alder berries red,
And the bitter-sweet climbing high
Over withered shrubs, and the cedar's green head,
Grow bright as the gay leaves fly
On wings of the wind, midst silken down
Which flutters forth from the milkweed's crown,
And the clematis' plumes of tawny brown;
Then at close of the day
When the purple lights
Have faded away,
The autumn nights
Turn all to gray.

THUS glide the days serene
Until branches are swept with care,
And harvests are gathered, and Hallowe'en
Finds the treetops brown and bare;

Halcyon Days

But the hours are yet filled with mirth and
cheer,
For the sun shines bright, and the stars beam
clear,
And golden fruitage rounds out the year;
While the oak's rich leaves are seen
Still on the mountain-side
In their glowing sheen,
Midst the forests wide
Of Living green.

S. M. D.

Witch Hazel

ALONG the border of the hill,
On shrubs with vines a-tangle,
When bright leaves fall and days are chill,
I see a feathery spangle
Of witching bloom, golden as light
That comes with day from out the night.

THE brown and mottled shrubs I spy
Midst pathways rough and stony,
Are fringed with flowers that frosts defy,
And filled with capsules bony
From which the seed with startling snap
Flies forth, and bursts each witch-nut's cap.

Witch Hazel

O HAMAMELIS, value rare
Hast thou for suffering mortals,
And even magic to declare
The treasure at earth's portals;
Since your forked twigs point out the doors
To living springs and precious ores!

THOU bloomest late when woods are sere
And nuts around are falling,
When Hallowe'en is drawing near
With witcheries appalling;
And more than fairies thou hast power
To charm my heart this autumn hour.

PROPHET art thou of life that springs
From out Death's arms all-glorious;
Elusive flower, thy golden wings
Bear thought away victorious
To Hills where bloom and verdure glow
With rarer tints than earth-lights know!

S. M. D.

Living Flowers

IF the rare flowers that here we see
Had in them perpetuity—
And qualities no more outworn
Than those by earth and ether borne—
If this, indeed, were of them true

Living Flowers

Then banks of blossoms we would view
Always about us on the earth,
Of fragrant beauty, and lasting worth.

THEN daffodils, which come and go,
With golden tints would ever glow;
And the gay tulips in the light
Nod ceaselessly from morn till night.
On mountains high arbutus sweet
Would nestle always at one's feet;
And far below within the vale
Bloom Spring's sweet buds, no longer frail.

SNOW-WHITE and pink among the leaves,
Fair blossoms of the apple trees
Would then perfume each balmy day
With their soft breath, as now in May.
The bellwort and the columbine
In every breeze would swing and shine;
And orchids pink grace the deep woods,
With the dicentra in snowy hoods.

THEN buttercups and clover red
Would brightly gleam 'neath trees outspread
In orchards green, where peach and pear
Continuous bloom and fruit did bear.
Then graceful vines were climbing high,
And drooping low to where violets lie;
While fern fronds, tall beyond compare,
Would their fresh verdure changeless wear.

Living Flowers

DAISIES were growing everywhere,
Roses on roses high in air,
And stately lilies from overhead
Bending deep cups, would fragrance shed.
The golden-rod, the gentian blue,
The aster with its varied hue,
And all those flowers we name as dead
Would then our earth quite overspread.

BUT are they dead, those blossoms dear—
The smiles of Earth? No, they are here,
For nothing beauteous ever dies.
From out their dust fair forms arise
To bloom anew year after year
And fill man's heart with hope and cheer.
Death and decay mean only life,
Since Christ hath given Supernal Life.

L. P. D.

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